SUNDAY THOUGHTS
ON
MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

It looks as though there would be a general acquiescence in the Briggs verdict on the part of the dissenting minority in the presbyterian church. Briggs and Briggsism have been condemned as unpresbyterian. Those who hold the views of the Union seminary professor are perfectly free to hold them, but not under presbyterian auspices. 'Tis like this: A member of the democratic state committee became a republican. Nevertheless he refuses to resign, and actively aids the republican party from his place on the democratic state committee. What, in such circumstances, would it be the duty of the democrats to do? Would it not be to discipline and expel that unworthy and dishonest committeeman? A republican should train with republicans and not play the role of Benedict Arnold in a democratic position. Just so in this case. Prof. Briggs has a legal and moral right to think and teach as his judgment and conscience dictate—but not as a presbyterian minister if his judgment and conscience do not square with presbyterian belief. The presbyterian belief has just been reaffirmed by the highest presbyterian court. Briggsism is ipso facto condemned, and the professor must henceforth think and teach outside of the "true blue" fold. He will go on thinking and teaching—nobody objects to to that—but he will no longer think and teach heterodox doctrines under the guise of orthodoxy. This is really a gain in both directions: a gain for Prof. Briggs, and a gain for the church he has so long (mis) represented.

"Look back 200 years," exclaims Dr. Faunce, "and see the object lesson in English history. In Bedford jail lies a dreaming tinker; on the throne sits Charles II. To the royal sensualist this life was the only life worth living. With the decay of any sense of God or immortality came the death of virtue; of either gratitude or shame he was destitute. Troops of profligates passed through his court and the partners of his vices were clad in purple and gold. Goodness was to him a pretense. Meanwhile in the Bedford jail, in the prime of life (he was thirty-two), lay the immortal tinker. 'The parting with my wife and children,' he wrote, 'has been to me a pulling of flesh from the bones, especially my poor, blind child, who lay nearer to my heart than all besides. Poor child, thou must be beaten, must suffer hunger and a thousand calamities though I can not now endure the wind should blow upon thee.' But there opened on his simple eyes the vision of the Holy City. Across the Slough of Despond and the grim terrors of Doubting castle, and the snares of the enchanted ground, he saw the gleaming gates of gold and the shining ones sent forth, and heard the bells of the city ring. Bedford jail was no longer a prison, the mandates of the royal cynic had lost their power. He who saw this life as but the first stage in an endless journey has shaped the thinking of the English-speaking nations, while the Epicurean Charles is execrated by all who read the story of his pleasure-loving life. If there were time and space we might contrast in the same way the contemporary lives of Lord Chesterfield and John Wesley, or the contemporary lives of Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. Gavon. But we need not search history. Every one sees daily the contrast between a life lived only for the things which are seen, and a life of steadfast faith in God, in Christ and in eternity.

It is surprising that the college authorities did not suppress hazing long ago. Fun is one thing, but the unmannerly and outrageous and vicious pranks played off by young men upon those "greener" than themselves, are as far removed from fun as the poles are asunder. We congratulate the legislature of Ohio upon its recent enactment which makes hazing a criminal offense. The other states should follow suit.

Thought and feeling should always go together. He who thinks without feeling has a head, but no heart. He who feels without thinking, has a heart but no head. Head and heart are alike necessary. The first, says one, gives artillery, the other supplies power. The head aims and the heart fires.

Having just visited the principal European cathedrals, writes one of our lutheran clergymen, I am forced to give the palm to the cathedral at Cologne. It is in its stupendous size, its unbroken unity of idea, and its harmonious symmetry the masterpiece of its kind in all the world. How such a colossal pile, with such an endless variety of individual designs, could have been so blended as to produce this perfection of symmetrical art cannot but excite our admiration and astonishment. In the Cologne cathedral it would really seem as though the creative genius of man had attained its height, to attempt to vie with or surpass would be hopeless. It is the sentiment of religious adoration embodied in matchless stone.

Christ the seeker and savior of men—that is the attitude which makes him sweet and adorable.

Every child, said the late Mr. Beecher, walks into existence through the golden gate of love, else it would seem wonderful that the helpless thing should be born. Yet children are never playthings, as we too often seem to think they are—mere gifts of God to fill up the hours of cheer. They were surely meant to be a pleasure to us, but that is not the final end. Nor were they given to be cares and burdens alone. To speak of them as if they were fetters upon our freedom is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as a part of our education. Men cannot be properly developed who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or bud as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influence that came from bending down and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little. Children make their fathers better citizens. When your own child comes in from the street, and has learned to swear from the boys congregated there, it is a very different thing to you from what it was when you heard the profanity of the boys as you passed them. Now it makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality.

It takes all to make the ideal one—the perfect man in humanity.

Every man may be a hero and a saint. Heroism and sainthood grow out of small fidelities. He who is faithful in the least by and by has much.

The bible did not make the religious nature of man—it merely expresses and directs it. Some infidel critics imagine that if the bible was out of the way the religious instinct would die. Not so. All paganism is a proclamation to the contrary. Every false religion bears witness to the undying universal religious instinct in mankind.

What is the chief purpose of life? "Happiness," says one. "No, usefulness," says another. A third assures us that 'tis stoicism. The gospel alone teaches that the true end of life is character.

If we will take our best thoughts, our finest feelings, our sunniest moods, our tip-top experiences, these will interpret God to us. We were made in his image, and then do we express him most when the divine in us predominates most over our human nature.

Now that we have had time to carefully look over the reports made at the thirtieth international convention of the Y. M. C. A., held in this city in May, we find little to criticise and much to commend. We need not repeat the figures as showing the activity of these workers, but it may be stated that an aggregate of 2,582,365 young men attended the religious meetings held in the interest of this class last year.

How blessed it would be if we would use for one another's benefit our plus qualities. Thus, he who would have love in excess might make over the surplus to another who was minus there, and so all around the circle. Christianity should lead us to do this.

Apropos, the new building of the French Y. M. C. A. was formally opened and dedicated a month ago. 'Tis situated on the Rue Trevise, within three minutes' walk of Rue Faubourg Montmartre and Boulevard Montmartre, the great center of Paris. A French architect visited this country, and after examining a number of our best buildings, prepared the plans for the French structure. It fronts on the Rue Trevise, and is cream white. On the ground floor is an elegant hall, one of the best in Paris, and a gymnasium with swimming tank, baths, bicycle and running track and the most approved appliances. On the second floor are the offices, reading rooms, social halls, etc. On the third floor is a cafe under the care of an experienced caterer and open only to members of the association. On the top floor are apartments for young men. The opening exercises called together one of the most distinguished companies ever assembled in Paris, among them being M. Andre, regent of the Bank of France, who presided; and Monsieur Bordoux, vice-president of the senate; Barkey, ex-minister of marine; Jules Fiegfried, ex-minister of commerce; Leon Lay, ex-minister of finance, and a host of senators, deputies and literary men, most of them wearing the decoration of the legion of honor. The building cost $200,000.

The late Phillips Brooks was one of the most liberal as well as eloquent of men. Hence the following utterance of his gets added point just now: "The decrying of creed in the interest of conduct is very natural but very superficial. If it succeeded, it would make life weak and conduct blind. There is no greater misnomer applied to creed and opinion than that which lurks in the word 'advanced.' The man whose creed is the smallest, the most crude, the most colorless and flimsy, is called advanced, while he whose beliefs are richest and most full of hope and liberty, is called 'slow,' 'behind the times,' and other tardy names. The man who believes nothing with energy; who masks the doctrines of our Lord's gospel under negations; who emasculates them by subtracting their vital force, who has a cynical sneer for every effort of stalwart faith—such a man is called an 'advanced thinker.' The cheerless iconoclasm which is forever unbuilding and breaking down the strong barrier erected in former times parades before the world as 'free thought.' It is no advance, but inertia—no free thought, but dullard slavery, which leads a man into a state like that. Exactness, earnestness and precise fidelity to duty and the truth of things are better than a limp negation and make a man a true, free and advanced thinker."

Aspiration is looking up. It is only by the aiming to exercise thought and feeling on a higher plane than that on which we habitually move that we develop our better nature and realize aspiration.

No church, no creed, no denomination has a monopoly of truth. All have some, and there are points of superiority among them and special excellencies. But truth is larger than men or parties.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

Iced Lemonade, Strawberry Sherbet, Currant Shrub, Raspberry Vinegar.

The secret of delicious summer beverages, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is their iciness. They may be unwholesome in their frigidity, but in this way only "their true virtue lies." Iced tea and coffee are probably the least injurious of summer drinks. To prepare the former pour a cup of freshly-boiled and boiling water over three teaspoonfuls of tea, set to steep, when add one quart of freshly-boiled water. Five minutes later strain into an earthen jug, and when cool—not lukewarm—add one or two large pieces of ice. Serve with a large quantity of finely-chopped ice, granulated sugar and thin slices of lemon. If iced coffee be desired make a fresh pot of very strong coffee, and when cold serve with large quantities of ice and sugar; cream is but seldom used.

Iced Lemonade—Cut three lemons into halves, remove the seeds and squeeze into a large jug. Add whatever quantity of sugar you desire, a large quantity of ice and one quart of water. Stir thoroughly and serve in tumblers, the edges of whose rims have been wet from the squeezed lemon halves and afterward inverted into a bowl of pulverized or granulated sugar. Limeade and orangeade may be made in the same way, allowing three limes or three oranges to the quart of water.

Strawberry Sherbet—Mash to smooth paste one quart of fresh berries, to which add the juice of one lemon and three pints of water. Let it stand for three hours, when strain it into three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, when strain a second time, and keep in ice for a few hours before using.

Currant Shrub—Mash currants sufficient to give a quart of liquor, first through a coarse sieve and then through a muslin bag, and to this add one quart of water and sugar to taste. Strain after the sugar is dissolved and ice well before drinking.

Raspberry Vinegar—Pour a quart of good cider vinegar over two quarts of raspberries, and after covering closely set aside for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time drain the liquid and pour it over a third quart of berries and set aside for another forty-eight hours. Strain through a muslin bag, and to every pint of liquor add one pound of sugar. Boil slowly for five minutes, remove the scum, let cool for fifteen minutes and bottle. A tablespoonful of this, added to a glass of iced water, makes a most refreshing drink. Blackberry and strawberry vinegars are made in the same manner.

RICH FOR TIME TO COME.

AN INTERESTING STORY OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN TRIBE.

The Strange Nation Within Our Nation and What the Government Has Done for It—The Most Valuable Lands in the West and Southwest Have Belonged to the Cherokees—The Only White Man Who Could Master the Language—Interesting Details of the Life and Customs of a Peculiar People.

In all this broad country, writes a correspondent from Tahlequah, I. T., there is not a man so much to be envied as the Cherokee. Uncle Sam has made him rich for all time to come. If he has a care in the world it is not apparent on the surface. He is not so highly civilized that it becomes oppressive to sustain the strain. He knows nothing of high and low tariff, and the money question has been reduced to a discussion of the government annuity. There are only two questions upon which he feels deeply, and these are the distribution of the money which will make the nation rich and the preservation of the nation's sovereignty.

The life of the Cherokee Indian will be ideal if the American nation does not force him from his present territory, and his white brother rob him of the money which justly belongs to him. Since the beginning of this century the Cherokees have owned the most valuable lands of the south and southwest. In all, their possessions by the various grants from the government aggregate 81,000,000 acres. Now they have been reduced to less than 5,000,000 acres. By the sale of the Cherokee outlet, the last dollar which will ever come to the nation by the relinquishment of lands will be received and until the white has absorbed the Indian blood the Cherokees will continue to live as a tribe and own the land in common. This is the fight which the nation henceforth must make and as a people they are thoroughly alive to the situation.

It was in order to preserve their individuality that Principal Chief Harris and the national council took the initiative in calling a general council of the five friendly tribes. The Cherokee alone does not feel able to make the fight for the perpetuity of his title and his race. It must be the common concern of all, and if the Indian has a friend it will be within the next decade that he must come forward to show it. The laws against intruders must be enforced to the letter, and the territory which remains must be zealously guarded. In the complete sovereignty which the five tribes now enjoy there is absolute safety save from the constant tendency to intermarry with the whites. There are now less than 12,000 full-blood Cherokees out of a total population in the nation of 28,000. The whites who are here as citizens will have an abundant opportunity for acquiring wealth, and the mixture of Cherokee and white blood makes a thrifty people.

But with the distribution of a sum of money almost equal to that which the United States government paid for the Louisiana purchase comes the turning point in the nation's history as it exists today, and every citizen of the nation, be he white, full-blooded, half-breed or negro, recognizes the necessity for building a high wall about the small territory which remains. There are few in the nation, like Rasselas in the Happy valley, who are discontented, but the danger is all from without. If the nation opposes the introduction of railways, and frowns upon those who come to establish new religions and introduce new customs, those conversant with the conditions existing will not find fault. These only mean the first step toward an influx of outsiders, and a progression which is forced by the outside world means ultimate bankruptcy and annihilation.

Left to themselves, the civilizing influences already at work will bring all these things in good time. There are fine schools and academies, and the people are far from illiterate. Tahlequah, old and quaint, had educated and refined people when the capital site of Kansas was a pasture ground for the Buffaloes. There were only a few of these families, to be sure, but now the nation is filled with homes which have educated people in them. And all these people now ask is to be let alone. They recognize their helplessness and it is the earnest wish of every man of intelligence in the nation to make such a show of progress that the congress of the United States will assist them.

There are only three established churches in the nation. These are methodist, baptist, and presbyterian. The Cherokee is not burdened with an ultra-religious sentiment, and the enthusiasm is largely confined to the female population. He is too easy going in his way, the climate is too soft, and nature has done too much for him to give his religion any intensity; but the moral standard is high for all that. And if anything more is done in the way of conversion it will come through these three churches. Catholics and episcopalians have been barrred, and the other denominations will find the field already covered. There are no labials in the Cherokee language, and to this unfortunate fact the episcopalians can attribute their exclusion from the nation. It was all due to a methodist interpreter, but the indications are that the church lost through it its last opportunity for a foothold.

Some twenty or thirty years ago there was an episcopal evangelist who desired to establish a mission at Tahlequah. Before any aliens can come into the nation it is necessary for many forms to be observed, and the evangelist was compelled to explain his belief and object in coming to an interpreter, who in turn was to inform the council. The word episcopal cannot be pronounced in the Cherokee tongue, and the interpreter gravely informed the council that it was a "church without a name." It was the opinion of the wise men that a church which had done any good or could do any would have been given a name, and the clergyman was told that he could not teach his doctrine in the nation. The catholics were excluded because of the prejudice which the protestant denominations had engendered, and thus the spiritual guidance of the Cherokees has been left to three denominations.

And to the churches, too, the Cherokees owe their two political parties. The wisest man in all the nation cannot explain just now how the division came about, but a baptist preacher by the name of Jones is held responsible. This man Jones will always be remembered, for he was the only white man who could ever master the Cherokee language. He built seminaries and had a hold on the people which made him a power in the nation. As the story goes, Jones was a man of great ambition. Being a white man, he could not be chief, and he had been unable to control John Ross, who was chief for forty-four years, or William R. Ross, his nephew, who succeeded him. Up to this time there had been only one party, for the regime of the Ross family had not been questioned. In Louis Downing, a full blood, Jones saw his opportunity. Jones had with him the confederate element of the Cherokees.

Downing had served in the union army, and had distinguished himself as a soldier. Jones promised to make him chief, and Downing took with him many of the full-blooded Cherokees who served in the union army, and a combination was formed with the confederates which resulted in Downing's election in 1868 as chief. Since that time one of the political parties has borne his name. Downing served for eight years, and although now dead, his party is still in control of the government. It is the ambition of every man in the nation eligible to the office to be chief. Personal popularity counts for much. There is an election every four years. Every male citizen over the age of eighteen is entitled to a vote, and as there is nothing to make a permanent political issue, the leadership naturally drifts to the strongest man in the tribe.

The Cherokees are suspicious, and watch their legislator closely. If he makes a mistake he is called to account, and it frequently occurs that the same senatorial district elects one nationalist and one Downing man to represent it. Dan Smith, a full-blooded Cherekee, found out to his sorrow eight years ago that there were some blunders from which a legislator could never recover. Smith was one of the brightest men in the senate, and when a private company asked for the privilege of building a telephone line from Ft. Gibson to Tahlequah he was enthusiastically in favor of granting the franchise. He took it upon himself to champion the measure, and made enthusiastic speeches in favor of this step toward connecting the nation's capital with civilization. The bill passed, and the work on the telephone line was commenced.

But the trouble of the Cherokee legislator had just begun. He represented the Saline district in the senate and his people were nearly all full-bloods. Upon his return home he found himself accused of conspiring to destroy the nation's individuality. The telephone was denounced as an infernal machine for inculcating the pernicious practices of the whites, and a candidate was brought forth against him who was in full sympathy with the people. Smith rigged himself out with a contrivance for illustrating the workings of the telephone and went before his people. He took a couple of tin cups and fitted in crude resounding boards and connected them with a string. Armed with them he went to talk with his people through them, but he made but little headway. Part of the time his homemade machine would not work. Then, again he was charged with attempting to impose on the the credulity of his constituents, and he was snowed under by an overwhelming majority.

RALLYING AROUND A CANDIDATE.

All Hands Unite to Make Gen. Kirby Smith's Daughter a Postmistress.

[Globe-Democrat.]

Two months ago, in the most obscure pigeon hole in the postmaster-general's office, the application of Carrie Kirby Smith was filed away. It was not weighty with reasons why she should be appointed, nor did it lay any particular claims to the attention of President Cleveland. It bore no indorsement. It was simply an humble petition that the applicant might be given the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn. The only sentence which might recommend this prayer to Mr. Bissell was the closing paragraph:

"I am the daughter of the late Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith."

The fair applicant kept what she had done a secret for three weeks, when, having grown accustomed to her disappointment at receiving no reply, she told some one how she had dared to ask to distribute the mail to the residents about the mountain station and to the students of the University of the South, who depend on this office for their letters. Thus her secret became known and now two generations are watching for her appointment—that which made its record along with Kirby Smith and another which has grown up with his daughter on the Cumberland plateau. When Gen. Shoup, the Indiana sharpshooter, now occupying the chair of applied mathematics at Sawanee university, heard that Kirby Smith's "war baby" wanted an office he swore by all the Union and confederate soldiers at once that she should have the place.

"We will put her in if we have to call out a regiment of war veterans to do it," he said.

And this has literally come to pass. From the Confederate Survivors' association at Nashville the humble application was made known throughout the South, and finally reached the line of the Grand Army of the Republic posts in the north. The fact that a brave soldier and distinguished general had died, leaving his family poor, and that his daughter now came forward, seeking to aid in their support, was all that was necessary to elicit the enthusiasms of both sides. With scarcely an exception every federal officer now living who had fought against Kirby Smith has made a personal appeal for his daughter. Soldiers of Bull Run and Manassas scrawled out letters of recommendation, while the Cove people in the mountains added their testimonials to the worth of Kirby Smith's daughter in characteristic dialect such as is found in Craddock's stories of the hills. The students of the institution where the general had so long taught "math" sent their indorsements, couched in elegant diction and sophomoric phrases. The alumni associations of Sewanee throughout the country have also added their indorsements to help secure the appointment for their fair friend of old college days.

"I do not mind dying," said the general once, "if Carrie is left. She is a tower of strength."

His estimation of her seems to have been correct. She no sooner found the main prop of the family gone than she began to cast about for other means of support for her mother and young brothers and sisters. With unusual courage for a woman, she decided to become the postmaster where she had so long been the undisputed belle.

Miss Kirby Smith is well known in Washington, where she has shone more than once in its gayest set. There is scarcely a large city in the South or West where she has not at one time or another been the recipient of social honors. What Winnie Davis is to the armies of the Confederacy, Carrie Kirby Smith is to the soldiers of the trans-Mississippi. To the remnants of that army she is still, even before Winnie Davis, the daughter of the war. The appointment she seeks is in the presidential gift, and it is hardly possible that President Cleveland will turn a deaf ear to so many who have come asking this boon at his hands.

A Woman Carpenter.

The resident population of Chicago will shortly be augmented by the arrival of Miss Sophie Christensen, a self-reliant young Danish woman, who ought to get along in the world. Her father was a captain in the Danish army, who had to live on his meager pay, so that his girls had no hope of a dower. Sophie resolved to be independent, and at the age of twenty she apprenticed herself, not without difficulty, owing to male prejudice, to a carpenter and joiner. She soon displayed great aptitude for the work, and, having just completed her apprenticeship, has been admitted as a full member of the joiners' guild at Copenhagen by unanimous vote. In accordance with the sensible custom which prevails in Denmark, Miss Christensen had to submit a specimen of her own unaided work before being admitted to the complete honors of the guild. She made an artistic self-closing book case, the beauty and finish of which extorted the admiration of every member of the guild. The young woman, who is now twenty-six years old, thinks Chicago will be the best place for her to make a living in, and thither she will start in the course of a week or two.